6-1

Anecdote sur Milton.

Il étoit à la fleur de la jeu-
nesse, lorsque, de l'école de Saint-
Paul, il passa à l'université de
Cambridge. La beauté et la
modestie le faisoient appeler
la Demoiselle du College de Christ.
Un jour d'été, s'étant égaré
dans la campagne, accablé de
chaleur et de fatigue, il s'endor-
mit au pied d'un arbre. Pendant
son sommeil, deux Dames étran-
gères passent en voiture, dans
le même endroit. La beauté du
jeune étolier les frappe. Elles
mettent pied à terre, et, après
l'avoir consi
l'éveille

jolie et dont la figure annon-
çoit à peine quinze ans, tire un
crayon de sa poche, écrit plusieurs
lignes sur un papier, et le glisse
en tremblant dans la main. Elle
remonte à l'instant dans sa voiture
et s'éloigne. Les camarades de
Milton, qui le cherchoient de tous
les côtés, avoient vu d'assez loin
cette scène muette, sans pouvoir
encore distinguer les traits du
jeune homme endormi sur l'herbe,
s'étant approchés après le départ
des Dames, ils reconnurent leur
ami et l'éveillerent, en l'instrui-
sant de ce qui venoit de se passer.
Le billet, que Milton trouva dans
la main, lui en dit encore de

vantage. il l'ouvrit, et lut ces
paroles de Guarini: Beaux yeux!
astres mortels, auteurs de tous mes
maux! si, fermés par le sommeil, vous
avez blessé mon coeur; ouverts, quelle
est votre puissance? — Une aventure
aussi etrange rendit le jeune Milton
sensible, en flattant sa vanité. Dès
le moment, il désira ardemment devoir
devoir cette belle italienne, qu'il chercha
toujours, sans la trouver jamais. il
aima, à cause d'elle, sa langue pleine
de charmes. il voyagea, pour elle,
à Gênes, à Naples, à Florence, à
Rome, et dans toute l'Italie.
Enfin, c'est à cette belle inconnue, que l'Angleterre doit le
Poëme du Paradis perdu, qui
a honoré cette isle, en immortalisant son auteur.

Occhi belli.

Guarini ne' suoi madrigali.

Occhi, stelle mortali,
ministri de' miei mali,
che 'n sogno anco mostrate,
ch' il mio morir bramate,
se chiusi m' uccidete,
Aperti che farete?

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Containing the first Part of Miltons Paradise lost.

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1805.

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PARADISE LOST

A POEM

IN TWELVE BOOKS

WRITTEN BY

JOHN MILTON.

Τον πέρι Μῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδυ δ' ἀγαδόν τε, κακόν τε,
Ὀφθαλμῶν μέν ἄμερσε, δίδυ δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.

HOMER Odyss. Θ.

Vol. I.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Of Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yed in proſe or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the
firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings out-
ſpread
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt Abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low, raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to Men.
Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from
thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favor'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent! he it was, whoſe guile
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring,
To ſet himſelf in glory above his peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God

Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defie th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all ſides round
As one great furnace, flam'd, yed from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe;
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell; hope never comes

That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd,
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-enemy.
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest He; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
Myriads tho' bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath joind

In equal ruin! Into what pit thou ſeeſt
From what height fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger
prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? Yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd
mind
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring.
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battel on the plains of Heav'n,
And ſhook his throne. What tho' the field be
loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by fate the ſtrength of Gods

And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve,
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.
So ſpake th' apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual king,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigor ſoon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our conqu'ror, whom I now
Of force believe almighty, ſince no leſs

Than ſuch could have o'er-pow'r'd ſuch force as ours,
Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee! the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and perſuit

Back to the gates of Heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'er-blown hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves,
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there,
And re-aſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult, how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.

Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,

Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt, that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
Whith fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſt the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but hat the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Aetna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke; Such reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying, to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.
Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, this the ſeat,
That we muſt change for heav'n, this mournful gloom

For that celeſtial light? Be it ſo, ſince he
Who now is ſov'rain, can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reaſon hath equall'd, force hath made
ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for eer dwells! Hail horrors!
hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt Hell,
Receive thy new poſſeſſor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of
Heaven.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he,
Whom thunder hath made greater? here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition tho' in hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more loſt in
Hell?

So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd: Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, tho' now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.
He ſcarce had ceas'd, when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving toward the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the Moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand
He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy ſteps

Over the burning marle not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, Angel-forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves, that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they persued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once your's, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battel to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight,
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent' Rod
Of Amram's Son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th'up-lifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan wawing to direct
Their courſe, in even ballance down they light

On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude! like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan ſands.
Forthwith from ev'ry ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte, where ſtood
Their great commander; God-like ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs, that earſt in heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion, from the books of life,
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got then new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Thro' God's high ſufferance for the tryal of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their creator, and th'inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various Idols thro' the Heathen world.

Say, Muſe, their names then known; who
first, who laſt,
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe, who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their children cries unheard, that paſs'd
through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhip'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud, to build
His temple right againſt the temple of God

On

On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Heronaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleäle to the Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring
flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook, that parts
Aegypt from Syrian ground, had general
names
Of Baälim and Aſhtaroth; thoſe male,
Theſe feminine. For Spirits when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo oft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure,
Not ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they
chooſe

Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battel, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of Heav'n, with creſcent horns;
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs,
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whoſe heart tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian Damſels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a ſummer's day,
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like head,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led

His eyes ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers;
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath, and Aſcalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertil banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his ſottiſh conqu'rour, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage and diſplace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic Aegypt and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wand'ring Gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold
compos'd

The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he paſs'd
From Aegypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a ſpirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
Or altar ſmoak'd; yet who more of than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and polaces he alſo reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worſe rape.

Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, tho' far renown'd:
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents. Titan, heav'ns firſt-born,

With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with
with looks
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein
appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found
their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not
lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their
fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honor claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enseign; whith full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies: all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave; and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper Heroes old
Arming to battel; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
With dreath of dead to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought

Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting, what command their mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: he thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views their order due;
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods;
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince, created man
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: tho' all the Giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' Heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods: and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon,
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric Knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond;
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond

Compare of mortal prowesſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r: his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd: as when the Sun new-
ris'n
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs; darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his
face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd, and
care
Sate on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliſs, condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors
flung
For his revolt, yet faithful now they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire

Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth tho' bare
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his Peers: attention held them mute:
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal ſpirits! O Pow'rs
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty, and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, tho' after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, ſhall fail to re-aſcend

Self-rais'd, and re-poſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of heav'n,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes: but he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one ſecure
Sate on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he e'er long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps

Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpirits in bondage, nor th'abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature; peace is de-
ſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? war then, war
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.
He ſpake: and to confirm his words out-
flew
Millions of flamming ſwords, drawn from the
thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell; highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped
arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of
war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly
top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with
ſpeed
A numerous brigad haſten'd: as when
bands
Of pioneers, with ſpade and pickax arm'd,

Fore run the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected ſpirit that fell
From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Where always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe, enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth,
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And dig'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength and art are eaſily out-done
By ſpirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,

That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art found out the massy ore;
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould; and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
Wich golden architrave: nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus, or Serapis their Gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds, dicover wide

Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work ſome praiſe
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'red ſtructure high,
Where ſceptered angels held their reſidence,
And ſate as Princes; whom the ſupreme king
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in Hierarchy, the orders bright.
Not was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day: and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar:
On Lemnos th' Aegean iſle; thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in Heave'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by com-
mand
Of ſov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpets ſound, throughout the hoſt pro-
claime
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his Peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choiſe the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds and with thouſands trooping
came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall,
Though like a cover'd field, where champions
bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair
Defy'd the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance,
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in
the air
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling winds. As bees
In ſpring time, when the ſun with Taurus
rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the
hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,

New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their ſtate affairs. So thick the aery croud
Swarm'd and were ſtraiten'd; till, the ſignal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons,
Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whoſe midnight revels by a foreſt ſide
Or fountain, ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal ſpirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat;
A thouſand Demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full: after ſhort ſilence then
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The End of Firſt Book.

BOOK

BOOK II.

High on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Oultſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by ſucceſs untaught
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.
  Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n!
For ſince no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did firſt create your leader, next free choice,
With what beſides, in council or in fight,

Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might
draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no
good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction; for none ſure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can adviſe may ſpeak.
He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, ſceptred
king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by
deſpair:

His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength, and rather than be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worſe,
He reck'd not; and theſe words thereafter ſpake:

My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather chooſe,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his Almighty engin he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning ſee
Black fire and horrot ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne itſelf
Mix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.

Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and perſued us through the deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? th' aſcent is eaſy then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
To our deſtruction: if there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd: what can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of inextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end,
The vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge
Inexorably and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More deſtroy'd than thus
We ſhould be quite aboliſhd and expire.
What fear then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential; happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:

Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power ſufficient to diſturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſparate revenge, and battel dangerous
To leſs than Gods. On th'other ſide up roſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit;
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Maturеſt counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and ſlothful; yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.
I ſhould be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs:
When he who moſt excels in fact of arms,
In what he counſels and in what excels,
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair

And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n
are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obſcure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning ſurpriſe. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould
riſe
With blackeſt iuſurrection, to confound
Heav'n's pureſt light; yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' etereal mould
Incapable of ſtain, would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
Th' Almighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us, that muſt be our cure
To be no more: ſad cure! for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,

Is doubtfull; that he never will, is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel war, we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtruck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe,
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heav'n's height
All theſe our motions vain ſees and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might,
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? better theſe than worſe,
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To ſuffer as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains. This was at firſt reſolv'd
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And ventrous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear

What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupreme foe, in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfy'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlaken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor; or enur'd, not feel;
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light;
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reaſon's gard
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.

Either to disinthrone the king of Heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpower? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection: with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujahs: while he lordly sits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors, and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity to spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring

Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp, Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſperous of adverſe
We can create, and in what place ſo e'er
Thrive under evil, and work eaſe out of pain,
Through labor and indurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? how oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? this deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold:
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n ſhew more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements; theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper: which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate

Of order, how in ſafety beſt me may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſhd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſtring wind's, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadenſe lull
Sea-fearing men o'erwatchd, whoſe bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd
Adviſing peace; for ſuch another field
They dreaded worſe than Hell: ſo much the fear
Of thunder, and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether Empire, which might riſe
By policy, and long proceſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpect he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pillar of ſtate; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation ſat, and public care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,

Majeſtic though in ruin? ſage he ſtood,
With Atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of Heav'n,
Ethereal Virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and changing ſtyle, be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire: doubtleſs; while we dream;
And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne, but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under th'inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: For he, be ſure,
In height or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſcepter rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in Heav'n
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs

Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought: for what peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return?
But, to our power, hostility, and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? there is a place,
If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not, another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In pow'r and excellence, but favor'd more
Of him who rules above: so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r

And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſubtlety. Though Heav'n be ſhut
And Heav'n's high arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lye ex-
pos'd
The utmoſt border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantagious act may be atchiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with hell fire
To waſte his whole creation, or polleſs
All as our own, and drive, as we are driv'n
The puny habitans; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Comon revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confuſion. and our joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance, when his darling ſons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Their frail original, and faded bliſs
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. — Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his deviliſh counſel, firſt devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence
But from the author of all ill, could ſpring
So deep a malice to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite

The great Creator; but their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal States, and joy
Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate
Synod of Gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd; which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpight of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms,
And opportune excurſion, we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n: or elſe in ſome mild Zoone
Dwell not unviſited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world! whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palbable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings

Over

Over the vaſt abrupt, e'er he arrive
The happy iſle? What ſtrength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries, and ſtations thick
Of Angels wathching round? here he had need
All circumſpection; and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage: for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: But all ſat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay
Aſtoniſh'd: none, among the choice and prime
Of thoſe hea'n-warring champions, could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage: till ad laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellow's, with monarchal pride
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake
O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones!
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undiſmay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.

Our priſon ſtrong, this huge convex of fire.
Outragious to devour, immures us round
Ninefold: and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egreſs
Theſe paſs'd, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf,
If thence he ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him leſs
Than unknown dangers, and as hard eſcape?
But I ſhould ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial ſov'reign'ty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with pow'r if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I aſſume
Theſe Royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honor'd ſits? Go therefore mighty Pow'rs
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm

To reſpite or deceive, or ſlak the pain
Of this ill manſion. Intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſt of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None ſhall partake with me. —— Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, leſt from his reſolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refus'd, what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd might in opinion ſtand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th'adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe:
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol, him equal to the higheſt in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs, how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt

Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory excites;
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchleſs Chief:
As when from mountain tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'er-ſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſcape ſnow, or ſhower;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred; enmity and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction wait.
The Stygian council thus diſſolv'd, and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
'Midſt came their mighty Paramount, and ſeem'd

Alone th' antagoniſt of heav'n, nor leſs
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp ſupreme,
And Goh-like imitated ſtate: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Tow'rds the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy
By heralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of Hell
With deaf'ning ſhout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
Disband, and wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or fad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears

Wag'd in the troubl'd ſky, and armies ruſh
To battel in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery Knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt Typhoean rage, more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: Hell ſcarce hold the wild uproar,
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battel; and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould inthrall to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony,
What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſing?
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet,
For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe,
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,

In thoughts more elevate, an reaſon'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſo-
lute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and apathy, and glory and ſhame,
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
Yet with a pleaſing ſorcery could charm
Pain for a while, or anguiſh; and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
With ſtubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
Another part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of ſorrow black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard en the rueful ſtream; fierce Phle-
geton,
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
For off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls
Her watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,

Forthwith his former ſtate and being for-
gets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual
ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm
land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin
ſeems
Of ancient pile; or elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Caſius old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching
air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of
fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter
change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce,
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire,
They ferry over this Lethéan ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,

And wiſh and ſtruggle as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink:
But fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
A univerſe of death, which God by curſe
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

Mean while the Adverſary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt
design,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'rds the gates of
Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight; ſometimes
He ſcours the right-hand coaſt; ſometimes the
left,
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep; then
ſoars
Up to the fiery concave towring high
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iſles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants
bring
Their ſpicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian, to the Cape
Ply ſtemming nightly tow'rd the pole. So
ſeem'd
Far off the flying Fiend. At laſt appear
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds
were braſs
Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;

The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold,
Voluminous and vaſt, a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there ſtill bark'd, and howl'd
Within, unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring Moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb,
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,

And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a Kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides. Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admird'd, not fear'd; God an his Son except,
Created thing not valued he nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee.
Retire, or taſte thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born; not to contend with ſpirits of Heav'n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that traitor-Angel, art thou He,
Who firſt broke peace in Heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's ſons,

Conjur'd againſt the Higheſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn
Where I reign King, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive! and to thy ſpeed add wings;
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy lingring; or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So ſpake the grieſly terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,

With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian; then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown: ſo match'd they ſtood:
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorceres that ſat
Faſt by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury, O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.

She ſpacke, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.

So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo
ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd;
and why
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my ſon:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him, and thee.
T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate re-
ply'd:
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo
fair
In Heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim, with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy
ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and
faſt
Threw forth, till on the left ſide op'ning
wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a Goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd

All th' hoſt of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin; and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft,
Thy ſelf in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'ſt inamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd,
For what could elſe, to our almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loſs and rout,
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the gen'ral fall
I alſo: at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my op'ning. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes:
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way

Tore

Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſued, brandiſhing his fatal dart,
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded, Death!
I fled, but he purſued, though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage, and ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother, all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find,
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,

And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane;
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father! I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invuln'rable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd, and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Theen ſweet, now ſad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us unforeſeen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of ſpirits that, in our juſt pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go

This uncouth errand ſole; and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void
immenſe
To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place fore-
told
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more re-
mov'd,
Leſt Heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or
ought
Than this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know, and this once known, ſhall ſoon
return,
And bring ye to the place, where Thou and
Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors: there ye ſhall be fed, and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd,
and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd, and bleſt his
maw

Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful king
I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might,
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe! she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train
Forth with the huge Portcullis high up-drew;
Which but herself, not all the Stygian
Pow'rs
Could once have mov'd: then in the key-hole
turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron, or solid rock, with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensings marching, might pass
through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame!
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where lenght, breadth,
and height,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest
Night

And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battel bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſev'ral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, un-nnmber'd as the ſands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
Levied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyſs,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage: for no narrow frith

He had to croſs: nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous, to compare
Great things with ſmall, than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her batt'ring engins bent to raſe
Some capital city; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground: thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and ſail.

As when a gryphon through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: ſo eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hallow dark, aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power
Or ſpirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bordering on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep: with him inthron'd
Sate ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon: Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confuſion all imbroil'd,

And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. — Ye Powers,
And ſpirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no ſpy,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm, but by conſtraint
Wand'ring this darkſome deſart, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n: or if ſome other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my courſe;
Directed no mean recompenſe it brings
To your behoof, if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs, and your ſway,
Which is my preſent journey, and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late

Made head againſt Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard, for ſuch a num'rous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded: and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through our inteſtine broils,
Weakning the ſcepter of old Night: firſt Hell,
Your dungeon, ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
To that ſide Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger: go and ſpeed!
Havoc, and ſpoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtaid not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanſe, and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round

Environ'd, wins his way: harder beſet
And more endanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus, betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larboard ſhunn'd
Charybdis; and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once paſt, ſoon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven!
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way,
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,
From Hell continued reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the ſpirits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmoſt works a brocken foe
With tumult leſs and with leſs hoſtile din;

That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds
Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn:
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leaſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round:
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphir, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude, cloſe by the moon.
Tither full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

BOOK III.

Hail holy Light, offſpring of Heav'n firſt-
born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,
May I expreſs thee unblam'd? ſince God is
light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the Sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
Thee riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
The I re-viſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſejourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs
borne
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down

The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Tho' hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp: but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a *drop ſerene* hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt,
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong: but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tireſias, and Phineus Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me; from the chearful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou, coelestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to moral sight. 55
Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan, where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance: on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70

Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor yet the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the percincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And Man there plac'd; with purpose to assay,
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert,
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me

All

All he could have: I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who ſtood and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only, what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon, reaſon alſo is choice,
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly accuſe
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree
Or high foreknowledge. They themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow of fate
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,

They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
'Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace:
For which both Heav'n and earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd, shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd, and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thut reply'd:
O Son, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone
My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken, as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed.
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd: once more I will renew
His lapſed pow'rs, though forfeit and in-
thrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know, how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace
Elect above the reſt: ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be
warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites: for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.

And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire conſcience: whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done: Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt, th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all Heaven charity ſo dear?

He aſk'd, but all the heav'nly quire ſtood
mute,
And ſilence was in Heav'n; on man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head
draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſome ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and
Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt. Man ſhall find
grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her
way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for Man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted, and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer, on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man: I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die

Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die: yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell; and ſhow
The Pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſs glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd

And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
O Thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,

By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them, who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds:
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfy for man, be judg'd and die;
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
His brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroyd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, tho' thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found

By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reig'n
Both Goth and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal king; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits: under thee as head ſupreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that 'bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended glorioufly from Heav'n
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraig'nd ſhall ſink

Beneath thy ſentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth,
Then thou thy regal ſceptre ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſceptre then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,
Immortal amarant! a flow'r which once
In Paradiſe faſt by the tree of life
Began to bloom; but ſoon for man's offence

To Heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew,
there grows,
And flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliſs thro' midſt of
Heaven
Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream:
With theſe that never fade the ſpirits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks, inwreath'd
with beams,
Now in looſe garlands thick thrown off the
bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
Impurpled with coeleſtial roſes ſmil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they
took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high,
No voice exempt; no voice but well could
join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in Heav'n.
Thee, Father, firſt they ſung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; Thee Author of all Being,
Fountain of Light, thyſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs, where thou ſit'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts ap-
pear,
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their
eyes.
Thee next they ſung of all creation firſt,
Begotten Son, Divine ſimilitude!
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without
cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold: on thee
Impreſs'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfus'd on thee him ample Spirit reſts.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns, and all the pow'rs
therein
By thee created; and by thee drew down
Th' aſpiring Dominations. Thou that day,
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot wheels, that
ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o'er the
necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring Angels disarray'd.
Back from purſuit thy Pow'rs with loud
acclame
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's
might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.

Not ſo on man: him thro' their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace! thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly; but much more to pity incline.
No ſooner did thy dear and only Son,
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of mercy and juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs, wherein he ſat
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love, no where to be found leſs than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoin.
Thus they in Heav'n, above the ſtarry ſphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd
From Chaos, and th' inroad of Darkneſs old,
Satan alighted walks. A globe far off

It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threat'ning ſtorms
Of Chaos bluſtring round, inclement ſky!
Save on that ſide which from the well of Heaven,
Tho' diſtant far, ſome ſmall reflection gains
Of glimmering air, leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud.
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in ſpacious field.
As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,
Whoſe ſnowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Diſſodging from a region ſcarce of prey
To gorge the fleſh of lambs, or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the ſprings
Of Ganges or Hydaſpes, Indian ſtreams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineſes drive
With ſails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy ſea of land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeleſs to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aereal vapors flew,
Of all things tranſitory and vain, when ſin

With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life:
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those giants came,
With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd

A God, leap'd fondly into Aetna flames,
Empedocles: and he who to enjo
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus: and many more too long,
Embryoes and idiots, Eremits, and Friars
White, *Black* and *Gray*, with all their trum-
pery
Here Pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n:
And they who, to be ſure of Paradiſe,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic
Or in Franciſcan think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the Planets ſeven, and paſs the fix'd,
And that cryſtalline ſphere, whoſe ballance
weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that firſt mov'd;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at
foot
Of Heav'n's aſcent they lift their feet, when lo!
A violent croſs-wind from either coaſt
Blows them transverſe, ten thouſand lea-
gues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wea-
rers toſt
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, Diſpenſes, Pardons, Bulls,
The ſport of winds. All theſe upwhirl'd aloft

Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
Long after: now unpeopled; and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he paſs'd,
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haſte
His travel'd ſteps; far diſtant he deſcries
Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a ſtructure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich appeard
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
Embelliſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
The portal ſhone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
Angels aſcending, and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open ſky,
And waking cry'd *This is the gate of Heav'n.*
Each ſtair myſterioufly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n ſometimes

Viewleſs; and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rap'd in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by eaſy aſcent, or aggravate
His ſad excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
Direct againſt which open'd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God ſo dear,
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,
On high beheſts his Angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood
To Beërſaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian ſhore;
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout
Thro' dark and deſart ways with peril gone

Staatl. Bibliothek Passau

All night, at laſt by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land
Firſt ſeen, or ſome renown'd metropolis
With gliſtering ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd
Which now the riſing Sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeis'd, though after Heaven ſeen,
The ſpirit malign; but much more envy ſeis'd
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys, and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended ſhade, from eaſtern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas
Beyond th' horizon: then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,

Thrice happy iſles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtay'd not tho inquire. Above them all
The golden ſun, in ſplendor likeſt Heav'n,
Allur'd his eye: thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament: but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude, where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, tow'rds his all chearing lamp
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue even to the deep;
So wondrouſly was ſet his ſtation bright.
There lands the Fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the ſun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or ſtone:

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part ſeem'd gold, part ſilver clear:
If ſtone, carbuncle moſt or chryſolite,
Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that ſhone
In Aaron's breaſt-plate; and a ſtone beſides,
Imagin'd rather oft than elſewhere ſeen,
That ſtone, or like to that, which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by their pow'rfoul art they bind
Volatil Hermes, and call up unbond
In various ſhapes old Proteus from the ſea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic ſun, ſo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreſtrial humor mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazled; far and wide his eye commands,
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade
But all ſun-ſhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round

Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel ſtand,
The ſame, whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not bis brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round: on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fixd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the ſpirit impure as now in hope
To find, who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradiſe the happy ſeat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmiled celeſtial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume, ſprinkled with gold,

His habit fit for ſped ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſh'd by his ear, and ſtraight was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the ſev'n,
Who in Gods preſence, neareſt to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run thro' all the Heav'ns, or down to th'earth
Bear his ſwift errands over moiſt and dry,
O'er ſea and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſev'n ſpirits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high throne, glorioufly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt Heav'n to bring,
Where all his ſons thy embaſſy attend:
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To viſit oft this new creation round:
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordain'd
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim

Alone thus wand'ring. Brighteſt Seraph, tell
In which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath Man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwellt
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepeſt Hell, and to repair that loſs
Created this new happy race of Men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through Heav'n and Earth:
And oft, though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems; Which now for once beguil'd

Uriel, though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpirit of all in Heaven:
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps
Contented with report hear only in Heavn:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep?
I ſaw, when at his word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire:

And this ethereal quinteſſence of Heav'n
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars,
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe, whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, ſhines:
That place is Earth, the ſeat of man, that light
His day, which elſe as th' other hemiſphere
Night would invade; but there the neigh-b'ring moon,
So call that oppoſite fair ſtar, her aid
Timely interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid Heav'n
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot, to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower.
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.

Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperior ſpirits wont in Heav'n,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs
Throws his ſteep flight in many an aëry wheel,
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

BOOK IV.

O for that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitans on earth! that now
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare; for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter e're th' accuſer of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed though bold,
Far off and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engine back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bot-
tom ſtir
The Hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from
hell
One ſtep no more than from himſelf can fly
By change of place: now conſcience wakes
deſpair
That ſlumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt
be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt
enſue.
Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his
view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'rds Heav'n and the full bla-
zing ſun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tow'r:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſhed heads; to thee I call
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun! to tell thee how, I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;

Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs king.
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks;
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I 'ſdein'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd: what hurden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel! I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within

Or from without, to all temptations arm'd
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then, or what t'accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then a laſt relent! is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know,
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme

In

In misery; such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would hight recall high thoughts, how soon
unsey
What feign'd submission swore! ease would
recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd
so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse re-
lapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel
fear,
Farewel remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good! by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps will
reign:
As Man e're-long, and this new world shall
know.

Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outhward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſehood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge;
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye perſued him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy fort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone.
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her encloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd: and over head up grew

Inſuperable hight of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradiſe up-ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his neather empire, neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſcape! and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All dadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt

Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odors from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlak their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the Fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodëus with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſponſe
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt-bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick entwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrups and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' Arch-felon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and in contempt,
At one ſlight bound hight over-leape'd all bound

Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field ſecure.
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors
Croſs barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his Church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life,
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd: nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or the to meaneſt uſe.

Beneath him with new wonder now he
views
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealh, yea
more,
A Heav'n on Earth! for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar. In this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd:
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,
Our death the Tree of knowledge, grew faſt
by;
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing
ill!
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy
hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had
thrown
That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins

Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade; and med the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring man a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
Buth rather to tell how, if Art could tell;
How, from that ſapphire fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view:

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums, and balm
Others, whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperiam fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flow'rs of all hue, and thorn without the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean-while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain

To ſeek her thro' the world; nor that ſweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive: nor that Nyſeian iſle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Chan,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye:
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, thoug this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden; where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to ſight and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect; with native honor clad
In naked majeſty, ſeem'd Lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd: for in their looks divine,
The image of their glorious maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
Whence true authority in men: thougth both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;
For contemplation he and valor form'd,

For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works; honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence?
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Under a ruft of ſhade, that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down: and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labor than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy banck damaſk'd with flowers.
The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th'earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them, th'unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs

Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating: for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone career
To th'ocean iſles, and in th'aſcending ſcale
Of Heav'n the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.
O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold; earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits, yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little thinck how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver you to woe,
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue; and this high ſeat your Heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n, to keep out ſuch a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I ſeek,

And mutual amity ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe, yet ſuch
Accept your maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: Hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings: there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring: if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world compels me now
To do, what elſe, though damn'd, I ſhould abhor.

So ſpake the Fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe our-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark, what of their ſtate he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round

A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeize them both
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam firſt of men
To firſt of women Eve thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all! needs muſt the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,

Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights;
But let us ever praiſe him, and extoll
His bounty, following our delightful taſk
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flow'rs,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou, for whom
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Praeeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.

That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade of flow'rs, much wondring, where
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murmuring found
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me. I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſwering looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. "What thou ſeeſt,
"What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
"With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
"And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
"Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
"Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy

"Inſe-

"Inſebarably thine, to him ſhalt bear
"Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
"Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow ſtraight, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpyd' thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantan, yet methonght leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear.
Part of my ſoul, I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half! —— with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love, as Jupiter

On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure: aſide the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs, while I to Hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget, what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it ſeems:
One fatal Tree there ſtands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte: knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject

Envious commands, invented with design,
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by fountain ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further wold be learn'd. Live while ye may
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed,
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Through wood, through waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale his roam
Mean-while in utmoſt longitude, where Heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;

The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe roky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' Angelic guards, awaiting night:
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armory, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the ev'n
On a Sun beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhows the mariner,
From what point of his Compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath giv'n
Charge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach, or enter in.
This day at hight of noon came to my ſphere
A ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his aery gait:
But in the mount, that lies from Eden north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks

Alien from Heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye perſued him ſtill, but under ſhade,
Loſt ſight of him; one of the baniſhd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou ſit'ſt,
See far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from Heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence. If ſpirit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd,
Bore him ſlope downward to the Sun, now fall'n,
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this leſs volubil earth
By ſhorter flight to th'eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold.

The clouds, that on his weſtern throne attend.
Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd, for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs, Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty at lenght,
Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw;
When Adam thus to Eve: Fair conſort, th'hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labor and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt:
Man hath his daily work of body, or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways:
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow, e're freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt

With firſt approach of light, we muſt be ris'n,
And at our pleaſant labor, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown;
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanto growth.
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd:
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
Unargu'd I obey; ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike,
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds: pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild: then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train.

But neither breath of morn, when she
ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor replyd;
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish; or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds, that grow

On earth; made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Coeleſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator; oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful Bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the ſov'reign planter, when he fram'd

All things to man's delightful uſe: the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle; and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either ſide
Acanthus, and each od'rous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In ſhadier bow'r
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor Nymph,
Nor faunus haunted. Here in cloſe receſs
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling, herbs,
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenaean ſung;
What day the genial Angel to our ſire
Brought her in nacked beauty, more adorn'd,

More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O, too like
In ſad event! when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aweng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady Lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, eard and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other rites

Obſerving none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bow'r
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Straight ſide by ſide were laid: nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain
But out deſtroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love! myſterious law, true fource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe, of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother firſt were known.
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame;
Or think thee unbeſitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets!
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte, pronounc'd,

Preſent, or paſt, as Saints and Patriarchs
us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here
lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple
wings,
Reigns here and revels: not in the bought
ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendeard,
Caſual fruition, nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight
ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe, lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roſes, which the morn repair'd.
Sleep on
Bleſt pair; and O! yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no
more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy
cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour ſtood
arm'd
To their night watches in warlike para-
de,

When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus
ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt
the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch: theſe other wheel the
north,
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they
part
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the
ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle ſpirits he
call'd,
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in
charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this garden, leave unſearch'd
no nook:
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures
lodge,
Now laid perhaps aſleep ſecure of harm.
This evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of ſome infernal ſpirit ſeen
Hitherward bent, who could have thought?
eſcap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no
doubt:
Such where ye find, ſeize faſt, and hither
bring.
So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,

Dazling the moon; theſe to the bow'r direct,
In ſearch of whom they ſought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, cloſe at the ear of Eve;
Aſſaying by his deviliſh art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illuſions as he liſt, phantaſms and dreams:
Or if, inſpiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal ſpirits, that from pure blood ariſe
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raiſe
At laſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his ſpear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſehood can indure
Touch of celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs, up he ſtarts
Diſcover'd and ſurpris'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumor'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So ſtarted up in his own ſhape the Fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair angels half amaz'd,

So ſudden to behold the griſſly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
Which of thoſe rebel ſpirits adjug'd to Hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd they priſon? and transform'd,
Why ſat'ſt thou, like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
Know ye not then, ſaid ſatan, fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where you durſt not ſoare;
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng: or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, anſwering ſcorn with ſcorn,
Think not, revolted ſpirit, they ſhape the ſame
Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
As when thou ſtood'ſt in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good
Departed from thee; and thou reſembl'ſt now

Thy ſin and place of doom, obſcure and foul.
But come, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
To him, who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
So ſpake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue in her ſhape how lovely, ſaw and pin'd
His loſs: but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His illuſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
Will ſave us trial, what the leaſt can do
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weack.
The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heard, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh

The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
Awaiting next command; to whom their Chief,
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan, who by his gait
And fierce demeanor ſeems the Prince of Hell;
Not likely to part hence without conteſt:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related, whom they brought, where found.
How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd
To whom with ſtern regard thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd,
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;

Employ'd it ſeems to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel, thou hadſt in Heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from Hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? thou would'ſt thyſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place,
Fartheſt from pain; where thou might'ſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought:
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd. And wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance! thus much what was aſk'd.
The reſt is true: they found me where they ſay?

But that implies not violence, or harm.
Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike Angel mov'd
Diſdainfully half ſmiling, thus reply'd,
O loſs of one in Heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew!
An now returns him from his priſon ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither,
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
Leſs hardy to indure? courageous chief!

The firſt in flight from pain! hadſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus anſwer'd frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs indure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting Angel, well thou know'ſt; I ſtood
The fierceſt; when in battel to thy aid
The blaſting vollied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt,
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook,
To wing the deſolate Abyſs, and ſpy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not ſilent; here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though, for poſſeſſion, put to try once more,
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;
Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,

And practis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
To whom the warrior Angel ſoon reply'd:
To ſay, and ſtraight unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan! and couldſt thou *faithful* add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was his your diſcipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve.
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite! who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reign?
But marck, what I arneed thee now: avant!
Fly thither, whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facil gates of Hell too ſlightly barr'd.
So threaden'd he, but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxin more in rage reply'd.

Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub, but e're then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of Heav'n ſtar-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' Angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing floor his hopeful ſheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other ſide Satan alarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood
Like Teneriff, or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt

Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield. Now
dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd nor only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not
ſoon
Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden ſcales, yet
ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with ballanc'd
air
In counterpoiſe; now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in theſe he put two
weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the
beam:
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the
Fiend.
Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt
mine,
Neither our own but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do, ſince thine no
more

Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown, how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. —— The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

BOOK V.

Now morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtarn clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wack'd: ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was aery light, from pure digeſtion bred,
And temperate vapors blank, which th' only ſound *)
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was, to find unwacken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide:

*) *Perhaps theſe two Verſes were originaly dictated by the Author thus:*

And temperate vapors bland from fuming rills,
Which th' only ſound of leaves, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, etc.

Leannig half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,

Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night. Me-
thought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to
walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou Eve? now is the pleaſant
time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now
awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labor'd ſong; now
reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſant
light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not:
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd thro'
ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood

One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from Heav'n
By us oft ſeen: his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant,| ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good: why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words, vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus, overjoy'd, O fruit divine!
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt!
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, ſince good the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?

Here, happy creature, fair Angelic Eve!
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'ſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyſelf a Goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we, ſometimes
Aſcend to Heav'n by merit thine, and ſee,
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could but not taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.
Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half!
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like

This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear,
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: among theſe fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, aery ſhapes,
Which Reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fancy wakes,
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange: yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope,
That, what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſheartn'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene,
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world:

And let us to our freſh employments riſe
Among the groves, the fountains and the flow'rs,
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
Two other precious drops, that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal ſluice, he e're they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
But firſt from under ſhady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the Sun, who ſcarce upriſen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſcape all the eaſt
Of Paradiſe, and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtyle; for neither various ſtyle,
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd or ſung
Unme-

Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe.
More tuneable, than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs, and they thus began.
Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitſt above theſe Heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works: yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end!
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and
soul,
Acknowledge him thy greatek, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st orient sun, now
fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncololor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling sho-
wers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quar-
ters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
Pines,

With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living ſouls, ye birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep:
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd to far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld

With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him
call'd
Raphael, the ſociable ſpirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſeventimes wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on
earth
Satan from Hell ſcap'd thro' the darkſome
gulf
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with Adam, in what bow'r or
ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpit his day-labor with repaſt,
Or with repoſe: and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will; his will though free,
Yet mutuable; whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy
Late fall'n himſelf from Heav'n, is plotting
now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs:
By violence? no, for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,

Left wilfully transgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.
So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice; nor delay'd the winged ſaint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings; up ſpringing light,
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n: th' angelic quires
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine, the ſov'reign architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades,
Delos, or Samos, firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds: with ſted-dy wing

Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of towring eagles, to all the fowls he ſeems
A Phoenix gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns,
A Seraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in heav'n: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high in honor riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he paſs'd, and now is come

Into the blifsfull field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odors, caffia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets! for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs!
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape; to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe

This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes.
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant, and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our Angel-gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on Earth
God had diſpens'd his bounties, as in Heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte,
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix

Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change:
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore
In Pontus, or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers; tribute large and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand: for drink the grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive muſt, and meaths
From many a berry; and from ſweet kernels preſs'd,
She tempers dulcet creams; nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure: then ſtrows the ground
With roſe, and odors from the ſhrub unſum'd.
Mean while our primitive great ſire, to meet
His god-like gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himſelf was all his ſtate:
More ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horſes led, and grooms beſmear'd with gold

Dazles the crowd, and ſets them all agape.
Nearer his preſence Adam though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach, and reverence meek,
As to a ſuperior nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of Heaven! for other place
None can than Heaven ſuch glorious ſhape contain,
Since by deſcending from the thrones above,
Thoſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a while
To want, and honor theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two only, who yet by ſov'reign gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bower
To reſt; and what the garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline.
Whom thus th' angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou ſuch
Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though ſpirits of Heav'n,
To viſit thee: lead on then where thy bow'r
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till ev'ning riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor ſmil'd,
With flowrets deck'd, and fragrant ſmells: but Eve
Undeck'd, ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair

Than Wood-Nymph, or the faireſt Goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked ſtrove,
Stood t'entertain her gueſt from Heav'n: no veil
She needed, virtue-proof, no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Hail*
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſt Mary, ſecond Eve.
Hail Mother of Mankind! whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round:
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger! pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties which our nouriſher, from wohm

All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield: unſavoury food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives,
Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung! to man, in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt ſpirits be found
No ingrateful food, and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,
As doth your rational: and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
Far know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtain'd and fed: of elements
The groſſer feeds the purer; earth the ſea;
Earth and the ſea feed air; the air thoſe fires
Ethereal; and as loweſt firſt the moon;
Whence in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapors, not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt continent to higher orbs.
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompenſe,

In humid exhalations; and at ev'n
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar; though from of the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven, and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. —— So down they sat,
And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease, nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups

With pleaſant liquors crown'd. O inno-
cence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
The had the ſons of God excuſe t'have been
Enamour'd at that ſight: but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's Hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had
ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their
being
Who dwell in Heav'n: whoſe excellence he
ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms,
Divine effulgence! whoſe high pow'r ſo far
Exceeded human; and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God! now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to man;
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food noot of Angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At Heav'n's high feaſts t' have fed: yet what
compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.

O Adam! one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return
If not deprav'd from good, created all,
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd;
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk; from thence
the leaves
More aery; laſt, the bright conſummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes; flow'rs, and their
fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul
Reaſon receives; and reaſon is her being,
Diſcourſive, or intuitive; diſcourſe
Is oftеſt yours, the latter moſt is ours;
Differing but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance. Time may come, when
Men
With Angels may participate, and find

No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare:
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time; and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,
Here, or in heav'nly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while, enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable spirit, propitious guest!
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From center to circumference; whereon
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascent to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, if ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek; or apprehend?
To whom the Angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God:

That thou continueſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; he advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r, ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſiy.
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd, whether they
ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chuſe?
Myſelf and all th' Angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of God inthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none: freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love; as in our will
To love, or not; in this we ſtand or fall.
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from Heaven to deepeſt Hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs, into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inſtructor! I have heard, than when
Cherubic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal muſic ſend. Nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him, whoſe command
Single is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me, and ſtill aſſure; though what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſs'd in Hea'vn, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation; which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard:
And we have yet large day, for ſcarce the ſun
Hath finiſh'd half his journey, and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeſt, and Raphael
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoin'ſt me, O prime of men!
Sad taſk and hard! For how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring ſpirits? How, without remorſe,
The ruin of ſo many glorious once,
And perfect, while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal! Yet for thy good
This is diſpens'd: and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By lik'ning ſpiritual to corporeal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt: though, what if earth

Be but the ſhadow of heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd, where theſe Heav'n's now roll, where earth now reſts
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day,
For time, though eternity, apply'd
To motion meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future, on ſuch day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt
Of Angels by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith, from all the ends of Heav'n, appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standarts, and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear,
Stream in the air, and for diſtiction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees:
Or in their glittering tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt, as from a flaming mount, whoſe top

Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light.
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powr's!
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand,
This day I have begot, whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint:
And by myſelf have ſworn, to him ſhall bow
All knees in Hev'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord.
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United, as one individual ſoul,
For ever happy: Him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd: all ſeem'd, but were
not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred hill;
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of Planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem:
And in their motions harmony divine

So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Evening now approach'd,
For we have alſo our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need,
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous: all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flow'rs repoſ'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure
Of ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhowr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight, for night comes not there

In darker veil, and roſeate dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globoſe earth in plain outſpread,
Such are the courts of God! th' Angelic throng
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds! ſave thoſe, who in their courſe
Melodious hymns, about the ſov'reign throne,
Alternate all night long. But not ſo wak'd
Satan ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven. He of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch Angel, great in pow'r,
In favor and preeminence, yet fraught
With envy againſt the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclam'd
Meſſiah, King anointed, could not bear
Thro' pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour,
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipt, unobey'd the throne ſupreme
Contemptuous, and his next ſubordinate

Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.
Sleep'ſt thou, companion dear! what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eye-lids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterſtay, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart:
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd:
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve; new counſels, to debate
What doubtful may enſue more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads, which we lead the chief:
Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The greath Meſſiah, and his new commands;
Who ſpeedily through all Hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.

So ſpake the falſe Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent Pow'rs,
Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the Moſt High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had diſincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move:
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words, and jealouſies, to ſound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n,
His count'nance, as the morning ſtar, that guides
The ſtarry flock allur'd them; and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's hoſt.
Mean-while th' Eternal eye, whoſe ſights diſcerns
Abſtruſed thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps, that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw without their light.
Rebellion riſing, ſaw in whom, how ſpread
Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were bauded, to oppoſe his high decree;

And ſmiling to his only Son thus ſaid.
Son, thou, in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, Heir of all my might!
Nearly it now concerns us, to be ſure
Of our omnipotence; and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Ot Deity or empire: ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends t' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north:
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, laſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect, and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, ſerene!
Made anſwer. Mighty Father; thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal pow'r
Giv'n me to quell their pride; and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worſt in Heav'n.

So ſpake the Son: but Satan with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed; and hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or, ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flow'r.
Regions they paſs'd, and mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; Regions, to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth.
And all the ſea; from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude. which having paſs'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer; ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted, which not long after he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount, whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd,
For thither he aſſembled as his train,
Pretending ſo commanded, to conſult
About the great reception of their King,

Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, Dominations, Pricedoms, Virtues,
Pow'rs!
If theſe magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular! ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed; for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march and hurry'd meeting here,
This only to conſult, how we may beſt
With what may be devis'd of honors new
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one but double how indur'd,
To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chooſe to bend
The ſupple knee? Ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right; or if ye know yourſelves
Natives and ſons of Heav'n, poſſeſs'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free: for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then, or right, aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce

Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuſe
Of thoſe Imperial Titles, which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve?
Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controul
Had audience; when among the Seraphim,
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words, which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate!
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his only Son, by right indued
With regal ſceptre, every ſoul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confeſs him rightful King? Unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded pow'r. ——
Shalt thou give law to God? ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art? and form'd the Pow'rs
of Heav'n

Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know, how good
And of our good, and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us leſs; bent rather to exalt
Our happy ſtate, under one Head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjuſt,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyſelf, though great and glorious, doſt thou count,
Or all Angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? By whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee, and all the ſpirits of Heav'n,
By him created in their bright degrees;
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, pow'rs,
Eſſential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obſcur'd,
But more illuſtrious made, ſince he the Head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes:
His laws our laws, all honor to him done
Returns our own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
And tempt not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
Th' incenſed Father, and th' incenſed Son,

While pardon may be found, in time beſought,
So ſpake the fervent Angel: but his zeal
None ſeconded, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
Or ſingular and raſh: whereat rejoic'd
Th' apoſtate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then, ſay'ſt thou? and the work
Of ſecondary hands, by taſk transferr'd
From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!
Doctrine, which we would know whence learn'd: who ſaw
When this creation? Remember'ſt thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time, when we were not as now!
Know none before us; ſelf-begot, ſelf-raiſed
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal courſe
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal ſons.
Our puiſſance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal; then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' Almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, e're evil intercept thy flight?
He ſaid, and, as the ſound of waters deep,

Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe,
Through the infinite hoſt: nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O ſpirit accurſs'd,
Forſaken of all good! I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah: thoſe indulgent laws,
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall.
That golden ſcepter, which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe;
Yet not for thy advice, or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted; leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire!
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.

So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he:
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd,

His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought:
And, with retorted ſcorn, his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

BOOK

BOOK VI.

All night the dreadleſs Angel unpurſu'd,
Thro' Heav'n's wide champain held his way, till morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns. which makes thro' Heav'n
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn,
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattel'd ſquadrons bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known, what he for news had
thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that One,
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet One
Return'd, not loſt. On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice,
From midſt a golden cloud, thus mild was
heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou
fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms:
And for the teſtimony of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach; far worſe to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, tho' worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe. The eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart; and to ſub-
due
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,

Right reaſon for their law, and for their king
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celeſtial armies prince,
And thou in military proweſs next
Gabriel, lead forth to battel theſe my ſons
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,
By thouſands and by millions rang'd for fight;
Equal in number to that godleſs crew,
Rebellious: them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault; and to the brow of Heav'n
Perſuing, drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into their place of puniſhment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd. Nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command, the Powers militant,
That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd
Of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,
Under their God-like leaders, in the cauſe
Of God and his Meſſiah. On they move

Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtrait'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream di-
vides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread: as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over Eden, to receive
Their names of thee: ſo, over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a provin-
ce wide,
Tenfold the lenght of his terrene. At laſt,
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd,
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
In battaillous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and
ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan, haſting on
With furious expedition: for they ween'd
That ſelf-ſame day by fight, or by ſurprize
To win the mount of God; and on his throne
To ſet the envier of his ſtate, the proud
ſpirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and
vain
In the mid-way. Though ſtrange to us it
ſeem'd
At firſt, that Angel ſhould with Angel war,

And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shut
Of battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God,
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine! inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields:
Then, lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval! and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array,
Of hideous length, before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battel e're it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came towring, arm'd in adamant and gold:
Abdiel that sight indur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds:
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail, where virtue fails; or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?

His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try; whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe: nor is it ought but juſt,
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor: though brutiſh that conteſt and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force; yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth-ſtepping oppoſit, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r,
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms:
Who, out of ſmalleſt things, could without end
Have rais'd inceſſant armies, to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow,
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt,
All are not of thy train; there be wo faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then

To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may now, when thousand err.
Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
For my revenge, first sought, for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel! to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who, while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest; this pause between,
Unanswer'd lest thou boast, to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and Heav'n,
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see, that most through sloth had rather *serve*,
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song,

Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
Os both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd.
Apoſtate, ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of *Servitude*, to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he, who rules, is worthieſt, and excels
Them, whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him, who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſtring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom, let me ſerve
In Heav'n God ever bleſt, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd!
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſaying, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,

Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his
ſhield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee,
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd: as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had paſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half-ſunk with all his Pines. Amazement ſeis'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt: ours joy fill'd,
and ſhout,
Preſage of victory and fierce deſire
Of battel; whereat Michaël bid ſound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of
Heav'n
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſannah to the Higheſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamor, ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armor claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noiſe
Of conflict! over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew;
And flying, vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battels main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage: all Heav'n

Reſounded; and had Earth been then, all
Earth
Had to her centre ſhook. What wonder?
when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army againſt army, numberleſs, to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his ſtrong hold of Heav'n, high over-rul'd
And limited their might: though number'd ſuch,
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt; in ſtrenght each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader ſeem'd
Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear: each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various: ſometimes on firm
ground
A ſtanding fight; then ſoaring on main wing

Tormented all the air; all air ſeemed then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw, where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference: At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Inteſtine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe ſubdu'd,
Or captive dragg'd in chain, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd, firſt thus began.
Author of evil! unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed-peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how haſt thou inſtill'd

Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe! But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; Heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the ſeat of bliſs,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and Evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So ſpake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus
The Adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe, whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me,
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chaſe me hence? Err not that ſo ſhall end
The ſtriſe which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtile
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win
Or turn this Heav'n itſelf into the Hell,
Thou fableſt, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meau while thy utmoſt force,

And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not; but have ſought thee far and nigh.
Thy ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of Godlike pow'r? For likeſt Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſit, while expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion: ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if Nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition in mid-ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres con-
found,
Together both, with next t' almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword

Of Michael from the armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd.
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep entring ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd thro' him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectarous humor iſſuing flow'd
Sanguin, ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed,
And all his armor ſtain'd, e're while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid wat run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defenſe; while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot; where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh, and deſpite, and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for ſpirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,

Cannot but by annihilating die:
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air!
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and color, ſhape or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing, On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramelech, and Aſmadai,
Two potent thrones! that to be leſs than Gods
Diſdain'd: but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangl'd with ghaſtly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheiſt crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and tho violence
Of Kamiel ſcorch'd and blaſted overthrew. —

I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrenght from truth divided, and from juſt,
Illaudable, nought merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy; yet to glory aſpires
Vain glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom!
And now, their mightieſt quell'd, the battel ſwerv'd,
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armor ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds: what ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpriz'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpriz'd and ſenſe of pain,
Fled ignominious: to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable Saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:

Such

Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have ſinn'd.
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, tho' from their place by violence
mov'd.

Now night her courſe began, over Heav'n
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquiſh'd. On the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches
round.

Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
Satan with his rebellious diſappear'd,
Far in the dark diſlodg'd, and void of reſt,
His Potentates to council call'd by night:
And in the midſt thus undiſmay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear!
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have ſuſtain'd one day in doubtful fight,
And if one day, why not eternal days?
What Heaven's Lord hath powerfulleſt to
ſend
Againſt us from about his throne, and judg'd

Sufficient to ſubdue us to his will,
But proves not ſo!—then fallible, it ſeems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniſcient thought. True 't is, leſs firmly arm'd,
Some diſadvantage we indur'd, and pain,
Till now not known, but known as ſoon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperiſhable; and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon cloſing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then ſo ſmall as eaſy think
The remedy: perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May ſerve to better us, and worſe our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none; if other hidden cauſe
Left them ſuperior, while we can preſerve
Unhurt our minds, and underſtanding ſound,
Due ſearch and conſultation will diſcloſe.

He ſat; and in th' aſſembly next upſtood
Niſroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he ſtood eſcap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aſpect thus anſwering ſpake.

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard

For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain.
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive: from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue: for what avails
Valor or ſtrength, tho' matchleſs, quell'd with pain
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils, and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defence, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright,
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this ethereous mould, whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambroſial, gems, and gold;
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow,
Deep under ground; materials dark and crude,

Of ſpirituous and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
With heavens ray, and temper'd they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
Theſe, in their dark nativity, the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame:
Which into hollow engins, long and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, ſhall ſend forth
From far, with thund'ring noiſe, among our foes
Such implements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe: that they ſhall fear, we have diſarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labor; yet ere dawn,
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
Think nothink hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping chear
Inlighten'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miſs'd, ſo eaſy it ſeem'd
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have thought

Impoſſible. Yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument, to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
None arguing ſtood: iunumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception: ſulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd.
Part, hidden veins digg'd up, nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike, of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engins and their balls
Of miſſive ruin: part, incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they fluiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpy'd.
Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up roſe the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt!

Soon banded: others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour.
Eeach quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for ſight,
In motion or in halt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm battalion: back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, warrior's, arm for fight! the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution, and ſecure. Let each
His adamantine coad gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Born ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizling ſhow'r,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them, aware themſelves; and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Inſtant without diſturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd embattel'd: when behold!
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe

Approaching grofs and huge; in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh enginry, impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee, who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe;
But that I doubt: however witneſs Heav'n!
Heav'n witneſs thou anon! while we diſcharge
Freely our part: ye who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange!
A triple mounted rew of pillars, laid
On wheels, for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak, or fir,
With branches lop'd in wood or mountain fell'd,
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed

Stood waving tip'd with fire; while we
ſuſpenſe
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd
Not long! for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch; immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all Heav'n
appear'd.
From thoſe deep-throated engins belch'd,
whoſe roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her entrails tore; diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts,
and hail
Of iron globes, which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might
ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks; but down
they fell
By thouſands. Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms unarm'd they
might
Have eaſily as ſpirits evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove: but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd,
repulſe

Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter: for in view,
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breast, what could we more? propounded terms,
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again where heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood;
Leader, the terms we sent, were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well under-
ſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us, when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, highten'd in their thoughts
beyond
All doubt of victory: eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy, and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found
them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit t' oppoſe,
Forthwith, behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his his mighty Angels plac'd!
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
For earth hath this variety from Heav'n,
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale,
Light as the light'ning glimpſe they ran, they
flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their
load,
Rocks. waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy
tops

Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror, ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them, ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engins triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep:
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſt whole legions arm'd:
Their amour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
Long ſtrugling underneath, e're they could wind
Out of ſuch priſon, though ſpirits of pureſt light:
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt in imitations to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hill's
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire;
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade,
Infernal noiſe! war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd

Upon confuſion roſe. And now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread,
Had not th' almighty Father, where he ſits,
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of Heav'n, ſecure
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne, he thus began.
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am;
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd:
For to themſelfes I left them, and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom:

Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd, what war can
do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which
makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the
main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is
thine;
Far thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above com-
pare:
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then thou Mightieſt in thy Father's
might!
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my
war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh.

Perſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God and Meſſiah his anointed king.
He ſaid, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd:
And thus the filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O Father, O ſupreme of heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt, thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume,
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things: and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm;
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,

Whom to obey is happineſs entire,
Then ſhall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Hallelujahs tho the ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them Chief.
So ſaid, He o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars their bodies all
And wings where ſet with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and careering fires between:
Over their heads a chryſtal firmament;
Where on a ſaphir throne inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the ſhow'ry arch,
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended: at his right hand Victory
Sate eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd;

And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone,
And twenty thousand, I their number heard,
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide: but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n:
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellions fight rallied their Powr's,
Insensate! hope conceiving from despair:
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?

But,

But, to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his height,
Stood reembattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah; or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt: and now
To final battel drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array, ye Saints, here ſtand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel reſt:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe:
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly. But of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs:
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; ſtand only and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you, but me they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied: againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in Heav'n ſupreme

Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd:
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battel, which the ſtronger proves; they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe,
So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too ſevere to be beheld!
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings,
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues: they aſtoniſh'd, all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields, and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtrate;

That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold viſag'd Four,
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid voly; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n.
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſued
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And chryſtal wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep: the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward; but far worſe
Urg'd them behind: headlong themſelves they threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
Burn'd after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin! Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole Victor, from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthieſt to reign: He celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid-heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.
Thus, meaſuring things in Heav'n by things on earth,
At thy requeſt, and that thou may'ſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powr's, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With Satan, he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting, how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happineſs, thou may'ſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſery;
Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the Moſt High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe:
But liſten not to his temptations; warn
Thy weaker: let if profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of diſobedience: firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell: Remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

The End of the Sixth Book.

BOOK VII.

Deſcend from Heav'n, Urania! by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of Pegaſéan wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal *Wiſdom* didſt converſe
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring: With like ſafety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,
Diſmounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound

Within the viſible diurnal ſphere:
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice; unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days.
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude! Yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly; or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive for off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers; the race
Of that wild rout, that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, 'till the ſavage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.
Say, Goddeſs, what enſued, when Raphaël,
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſy, by what befel in Heav'n
To thoſe apoſtates, leſt the like befal
In Paradiſe to Adam or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,

If they tránſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole com-
mand:
So eaſily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wand'ring. — He with his conſorted
Eve
The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muſe, to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their
thought
So unimaginable, as hate in Heav'n,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs,
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n bak redounded as a flood on thoſe,
From whom it ſprung; impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon re-
peal'd
The doubts, that in his heart aroſe: and
now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know,
What nearer might concern him, how this
world
Of Heav'n and earth conſpicuous firſt began;
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd, ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard, new thirſt exites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far diff'ring from this world, thou haſt re-
veal'd,
Divine interpreter! by favor ſent
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
Us timely, of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown; which human knowledge could not reach
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe, to obſerve
Immutably his ſovereign will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouch-
ſaf'd
Gently, for our inſtruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate,
What may no leſs perhaps avail us known,
How firſt began this Heav'n, which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient air wide interfus'd,
Imbracing round this florid earth; what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator in his holy reſt
Through all eternity ſo late to build

In Chaos; and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd, if unforbid thou may'ſt unfold
What we, not to explore the ſecret aſk
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though ſteep; ſuſpenſe in Heav'n,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the ſtar of ev'ning, and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and ſleep, liſt'ning to thee, will watch;
Or we can bid his abſence, 'till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee, ere the morning ſhine.
Thus Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought;
And thus the Godlike Angel anſwer'd mild.
This alſo thy requeſt, with caution aſk'd,
Obtain: though to recount almighty works,
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou can'ſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the Maker, and infer

Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing: ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds: beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own invention hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and known.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In meaſure, what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly, as nouriſhment to wind.
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n,
So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of Angels, than that ſtar the ſtars among,
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.
At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of deity ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,
He truſted to have ſeis'd, and into fraud

Drew many, whom their place knows here
no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see
Their ſtation; Heav'n, yet populous, retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms
Though wide; and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due and ſolemn rites.
But leſt his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have diſpeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be, to loſe
Self-loſt, and in a moment will create
Another world; out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here: 'till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither; under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, and Heav'n
to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of Heav'n!
And thou my Word, begotten Son! by thee
This I perform, ſpeak thou, and be it done.
My overſhadowing Spirit and might with
thee
I ſend along: ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth:
Boundleſs the deep, becauſe I am, who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.

Though I, uncircumſcrib'd myſelf, retire
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not: neceſſity and change
Approach not me, and what I will, is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told, as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n.
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
Glory they ſung to the moſt High! good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him! whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his ſight,
And th' habitations of the juſt: to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; inſtead
Of ſpirits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine: ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.

About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues: winged ſpirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armory of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word,
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable Abyſs,
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end: —
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Upliſted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaös, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created things.
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure;
And ſaid, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, o World!
Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth;
Matter unform'd and void! Drakneſs profund
Cover'd th' abyſs, but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs: but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air;
And earth ſelf balanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light! ſaid God; and forthwith
light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure
Sprung from the deep: and from her native
eaſt,
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the ſun
Was not, ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw, the light was
good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and
morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with joy and
ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd;
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt ev'ning was, and when firſt
morn.

Again, God ſaid, let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters! And God made
The firmament expanſe of liquid, pure,

Tran-

Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystallin ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: so ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature, involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear! —
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: Thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:

Part rise in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet, for of armies thou haſt heard,
Troop to their ſtandard; ſo the wat'ry throng
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd ſeas;
And ſaw, that it was good: and ſaid, let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind.
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth! —

He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, 'till
then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure
clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flowr'd
Op'ning their various colors, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet. And theſe ſcarce
blown,
Forth floriſh'd thick the cluſtring vine, forth
crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field; and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh, with frizl'd hair implicit. Laſt,
Roſe, as in dance, the ſtately trees, and
ſpread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit; or
gemm'd
Their bloſſoms: with high woods the hills
were crown'd;
With tufts the vallies, and each fountain ſide,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n; a ſeat where Gods
might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not
rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground

None was: but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and
each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in th'
earth,
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew
On the green stem: God saw that it was
good,
So Ev'n and Morn recorded the third Day.
Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be
lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night: and let them be for
signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,
To give light on the earth! — and it was
so.
And God made two great lights, great for their
use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern: and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day,
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that is was good:
For of celestial bodies first the Sun

A mighty ſphere! he fram'd; unlightſome
firſt,
Tho' of æthereal mold; then form'd the moon,
Globoſe; and ev'ry magnitude of ſtars;
And ſow'd with ſtars the Heav'n, thick as a
field.
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and
plac'd
In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light:
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns:
By tincture, or reflection, they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocond to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence. Leſs bright the
moon,
But oppoſite in level'd weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none

In that aſpect: and ſtill that diſtance keeps
'Till night; then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appeard,
Spangling the hemiſphere; then firſt adorn'd
With the bright luminaries, that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, let the waters generate
Reptil with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul!
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n!
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds!
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw, that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas
And lakes, and running ſtreams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds, and ſeas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable ſwarm and ſhoals

Of fiſh, that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave in ſculls, that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle, or with mate,
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture, and thro' groves
Of coral ſtray; or, ſporting with quick glance,
Shew to the Sun their wav'd coats, dropt with gold;
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment, or under rocks their food,
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the Seal
And bended Delphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate
Tempeſt the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory ſleeps or ſwims
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and ſhores,
Their brood as uumerous hatch from th'egg, that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd ſoon and fledge,
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect: there the eagle and the stork,
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosly wing the region! part, more wise
In common, trang'd in figure wedge their way
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so stees the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, born on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
'Till ev'n; nor them, the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays.
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet: yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aereal sky. Others on ground

Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds,
The ſilent hours; and th' other, whoſe gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh regleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſelemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt aroſe
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Battel and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. —— The earth obey'd; and ſtraight
Op'ning her fertil womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up roſe,
As from his lair the wild beaſt, where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake or den:
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd;
The cattel in the fields, and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then ſprings as broke from ponds,
And rampant ſhakes his prinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbl'd earth above them threw
In hillocs: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks and pleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river-horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans,
For wings; and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummers pride,
With ſpots of gold, and purple, azure and green:
Theſe, as a line, their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace: not all
Mimims of nature, ſome of ſerpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident

Of future, in ſmall room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: ſwarming next, appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her huſband dron
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd. The reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them names,
Needleſs to thee repeated: nor unknown
The ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now heav'n in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great firſt Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flow'n, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the ſixth day yet remain'd.
There wanted yet the maſter work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone,
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With ſanctity of reaſon, might erect
His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene

Govern the reſt, ſelf knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with Heav'n;
But grateful to aknowledge, whence his good
Deſcends: thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father, for where is not he
Preſent? thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh, and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing, that creeps the ground!
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee O Man!
Duſt of the ground; and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life: in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female, for race: then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,

Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of th' air,
And ev'ry living thing, that moves on th' earth,
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden; planted with the trees of God;
Delectable both to behold and taſte:
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee, all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end! but of the tree,
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not: in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt:
Death is the penalty impos'd beware!
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd He, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not 'till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd;
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd

In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea: Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd.
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded, thou remember'st, for thou heardst,
The Heav'n's and all the constellations rung:
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a World!
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers,
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led,
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Been in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest

Powder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeventh
Ev'ning aroſe in Eden, for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning night; when, at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and ſat him dow'n
With his great Father: for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtaid, ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence, and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now reſting, bleſs and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work:
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring, or golden wire,
Temper'd ſeft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral, or uniſon: of incenſe clouds,
Fuming from golden cenſers, hid the mount;
Creation, and the ſix days acts, they ſung.
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r! what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? Greater now in thy return

Than from the giant Angels: Thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater, than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King! or bound
Thy empire? Eaſily the proud attempt
Of ſpirits apoſtate, and their counſels vain,
Thou haſt repell'd; while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-mane world, another Heav'n!
From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and ev'ry ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men!
And ſons of men! whom God hath thus advanc'd.
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worſhip him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air;

And

And multiply a race of worſhippers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy, if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright!
So ſung they, and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs: Thus was Sabbath kept,
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd,
How firſt thisw orld and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity
Inform'd by thee might know. If elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Ought, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay,

The End of the Seventh Book.

BOOK VIII.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new'd, thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian? who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things, elſe by me unſearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight; and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator. Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world
Of Heav'n and earth conſiſting; and compute
Their magnitudes; this earth a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
And all her number'd ſtars; that ſeem to roll

Spaces incomprehenſible, for ſuch
Their diſtance argues, and their ſwift return
Diurnal, merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night; in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides: reaſoning I oft admire,
How Nature, wiſe and frugal, could commit
Such diſproportions; with ſuperfluous hand,
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold to this one uſe,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion; and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed; her warmth and ligth;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.

So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe; which Eve
Perceiving, where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace, that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay;
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,

To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew,
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress:
Her husban the relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
With Goddes-like demeanour forth she went;
Not unattended! for on her, as Queen,
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,
Benevolent and facil thus reply'd.
To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:

This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the reſt
From man or angel, the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal; and not divulge
His ſecrets, to be ſcann'd by them, who ought
Rather admire. Or, if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model Heav'n,
And calculate the ſtars, how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
To ſave appearances; how gird the ſphere
With centric and eccentric ſcribl'd o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt,
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit. Conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſtering, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the Sun, that barren ſhines;
Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,

But in the fruitful earth: there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigor find.
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence; who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That man may know, he dwells not in his own;
And edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition; and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribute,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed all moſt ſpiritual; me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning hour ſet out from Heav'n,
Where God reſides; and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden: diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name! but this I urge.
Admitting motion in the Heav'n's; to ſhew
Invalid, that which thee to doubt it mov'd:
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee, who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd heav'n from earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,

If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be center to the world; and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue, and their own,
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt: and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or ſave the ſun his labor, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd.
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night: which needs not thy belief,
If earth induſtrious of herſelf, fetch day
Travelling eaſt; and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam meet night; her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicous air,
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar,
Inlightning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth, reciprocal? if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her ſpots thou ſeeſt

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there: and other Suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt deſcry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great ſexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb, perhaps, with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in nature unpoſſeſs'd
By living ſoul, deſert and deſolate,
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus things, or whether not,
Whether the ſun, predominant in heav'n,
Riſe on the earth, or earth riſe on the ſun;
He, from the eaſt his flaming road begin;
Or ſhe, from weſt her ſilent courſe advance,
With in offenſive pace, that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces ev'n,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear.
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Where-ever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou,
In what he gives to thee, this paradiſe

And thy fair Eve: Heav'n is for thee too high,
To know, what paſſes there: be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition or degree;
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of higheſt Heav'n.
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel ſerene!
And freed from intricacies taught to live,
The eaſieſt way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares.
And not moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end:
'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtle, but to know,
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom: what is more, is fume,

Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence;
And renders us in things, that moſt concern
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomething not unſeaſonable to aſk,
By ſuff'rance, and thy wonted favor deign'd,
Thee I have heard relating, what was done
Ere my remembrance: now, hear me relate
My ſtory, which perhaps thou haſt not
heard:
And day is yet not ſpent, 'till then thou ſeeſt,
How ſubtly to detain thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear,
Than fruits of Palm-tree, pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt: they ſatiate, and ſoon fill
Tho' pleaſant; but thy word with grace
divine
Imbued, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.
Tho whom thus Raphael anſwer'd heav'nly
meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men!
Nor tongue ineloquent: for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd,

Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute all comelineſs and grace
Attents thee, and each word, each motion, forms:
Nor leſs think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth,
Than of our fellow-ſervant; and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God we ſee hath honor'd thee, and ſet
On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was abſent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion toward the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion, ſuch command we had,
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he, incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt;
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sov'reign King; and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and parricado'd ſtrong!
But long e're our approaching heard within
Noiſe other than the ſound of dance or ſong!
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſt of light
Ere Sabbath ev'ning: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now! for I attend,

Pleas'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine,
So ſpake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our ſire.
For Man to tell, how human life began,
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. —— As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
In balmy ſweat; which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky; 'till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward indeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams: by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds op the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd;
With fragrance, and with joy, my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb

Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigor led.
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not: to ſpeak I try'd, and forth with ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light!
And thou inlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay!
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains!
And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf —— By ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r praeeminent.
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have, that thus I move and live,
And feel, that I am happier, than I know.
While thus I call'd and ſtray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowr's
Penſive I ſat me down. There gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeis'd

My drouſed ſenſe, untroubl'd, though I thought,
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve;
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy, to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, „Thy manſion wants the, *Adam*, riſe,
„First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
„First Father! call'd by thee I come thy guide
„To the garden of bliſs, they ſeat prepar'd."
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd;
And over fields and waters, as in air,
Smood ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain, whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs; that what I ſaw
Of earth before, ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,

Presence divine! rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and „whom thou sought'st, I am,
Said mildly. „Author of all this thou seest
„Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
„This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
„To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
„Of every tree, that in the garden grows
„Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no death;
„But of the tree, whose operation brings
„Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
„The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
„Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
„Remember, what I warn thee! shun to taste,
„And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
„The day, thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
„Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt dye;
„From that day mortal: and this happy state
„Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
„Of woe and sorrow." — Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreatful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

„ Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
„ To thee and to thy race I give; as Lords
„ Poſſeſs it, and all things, that therein live,
„ Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl;
„ In ſign whereof, each bird, and beaſt, behold
„ After their kinds: I bring them, to receive
„ From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
„ With low ſubjection: underſtand the ſame
„ Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
„ Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
„ Their element to draw the thinner air.“
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching, two and two; theſe, cowring low
With blandiſhment; each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God indu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion! but in theſe
I found not, what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly Viſion thus preſum'd.
O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,

And all this good to man? For whose well-
being
So amply, and with hand so liberal
Thou haſt provided all things. But with me
I ſee not who partakes: in ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone? 365
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the Viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air 370
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou
not
Their language and their ways? They alſo
know,
And reaſon not contemptibly: with theeſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule? thy realm is
large. 375
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ordering: I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly
Pow'r,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak! 380
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony, or true delight?

Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd: but in diſparity,
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight; wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd:
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape:
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam; and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs
Of happineſs or not, who am alone
From all eternity? for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,

Save with the creatures, which I made, and
those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of
things!
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found. Not so is Man,
But in degree; the cause of his desire,
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defect. No need that thou
Should'st propagate, already Infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though one.
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection; and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd:
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication: yet, so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature, to what height thou
wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence
find.

Thus I imbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;
And find thee knowing, not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf:
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute:
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee,
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike;
And be ſo minded ſtill. I, e're thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee; for tryal only brought,
To ſee, how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet,
What next I bring, ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd.
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh, exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' height
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object, that excels the ſenſe,
Dayl'd and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd

By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy my internal ſight: by which,
Abſtract as in a trance, methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious, before whom awake I ſtood:
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh: wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd.
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands:
Under his forming hands a creature grew
Man like, but different ſex: ſo lovely fair!
That, what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure.
When out of hope, behold her! not far off;
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow,
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,

Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice; nor uniform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; Thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair! but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me: Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted: for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and t' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvions, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable: or, to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her; ſhe what was honor knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd,

My pleaded reaſon. — To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn: all Heav'n,
And happy conſtellations, on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence: the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill:
Joyous the birds; freſh gales, and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wing
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting! till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſponſal, and bid haſte the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs,
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire; theeſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch: here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange! in all enjoyments elſe
Superior, and unmov'd; here only weak,
Againſt the charm of beauty's powerful glance.

Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain:
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough: at least, on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament; in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of nature, her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel:
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both; and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n
O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own; that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow
Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident

Of wiſdom: ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh;
By attributing over-much to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo?
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honoring, and thy love;
Not thy ſubjection. Weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right,
Well manag'd: of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realties yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more;
So awful, that with honor thou may'ſt love
Thy mate; who ſees, when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other; think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattel, and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What higher in her ſociety thou find'ſt

Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill:
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not;
Wherein true love conſiſts not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious: is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'ſt aſcend;
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure; for which cauſe,
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus, half abaſh'd, Adam reply'd.
Neither her out-ſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds,
Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem,
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not: I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel; nor therefore foil'd;
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe

Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free,
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not; for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk:
Love not the heav'nly ſpirits? And now their love
Expreſs they? By looks only? Or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the Angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy-red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee, that thou know'ſt
Us happy, and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'ſt,
And pure thou wert created, we enjoy
In eminence: and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars:
Eaſier than air with air, if ſpirits embrace,
Total they mix; union of pure with pure
Deſiring: nor reſtrain'd conveyance need,
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more: the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green cape, and verdant iſles,
Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy, and love! But, firſt of all,

Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed leſt paſſion
ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy ſons,
The weal or woo in thee is plac'd; beware!
I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the bleſt. Stand faſt! to ſtand or
fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies:
Perfect within, no outward aid require,
And all temptation to transgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe: whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav'ly gueſt, ethereal meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſov'reign goodneſs I adore!
Gentle to me affable hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind,
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return!
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and Adam to his bow'r.

The End of the Eighth Book.

BOOK IX.

No more of talk where God or Angel gueſt
With Man as with his friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt; permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd. I now muſt change
Thoſe notes to tragic! Foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And diſobedience: on the part of Heav'n,
Now alienated! diſtance, and diſtaſte,
Anger, and juſt rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin, and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery,
Death's harbinger. Sad taſk! yet argument
Not leſs, but more heroic than the wrath
Of ſtern Achilles on his foe purſu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall: or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia diſeſpous'd,
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that ſo long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's ſon:
If anſwerable ſtile I can obtain
Of my celeſtial patroneſs, who deigns

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumb'ring; or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for Heroic song
Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havock fabled Knights
In battels feign'd: the better fortitude
Of patience, and Heroic Martyrdom,
Unsung; or to describe Races, and Games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds;
Bases, and tinsel trappings, gorgeous Knights
At joust and torneament: then marshal'd feast
Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneshals:
The skill of artifice, or office, mean;
Not that which justly gives Heroic name
To person, or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument
Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing
Deprest'd: and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter

'Twixt day and night, and now, from end to end,
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In mediated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the Sun, descry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
That kept their watch: thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial Line
He circled four times cross'd the car of Night
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
On th' eigth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, tho'sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulph shot under ground, 'till part
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan, involv'd in rising mist; then sought

Where to lie hid: ſea he had ſearch'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob:
Downward as far antarctic: and in length,
Weſt from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien: thence, to the land where flows
Ganges, and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch; and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd every creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his wiles; and found
The ſerpent ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revol'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wily ſnake
Whatever ſleights, none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſubtlety
Proceeding; which in other beaſts obſerv'd,
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n! if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeath, worthier of Gods as built
With

With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would built?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence! As God in Heav'n
Is center, yet extends to all; ſo thou
Centring, receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs: in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue appears,
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life,
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought: ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains!
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge: and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful ſiege

Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane; and in Heav'n much worſe would be ſtate;
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring Heav'n's Supreme:
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound.
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made; all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
In woe then! that deſtruction wide may range.
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd,
What he *Almighty* ſtyl'd, ſix nights and days
Continu'd making; and who knows, how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I, in one night, freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' Angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd;
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or, to ſpite us more,

Determin'd to advance into our room,
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original!
With heav'nly ſpoils; our ſpoils. What he decreed,
He effected: Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him Lord pronounc'd; and, o indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming miniſters, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge. Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrap'd in miſt
Of midnight vapor glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping; in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I, who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the higheſt, am now con-ſtrain'd
Into a beaſt; and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of Deity aſpir'd!
But what will not ambition, and revenge,
Deſcend to? who aſpires, muſt down as low,
As high he ſoar'd; obnoxious, firſt or laſt,
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long back on itſelf recoils:

Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd!
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him, who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite, his maker rais'd
From duſt, ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each thiket, dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd;
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade, or diſmal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the graſſy herb,
Fearleſs unfear'd he ſlept. In at his mouth
The Devil enter'd; and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart, or head, poſſeſſing, ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of morn.
Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th'earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill

With grateful ſmell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice that done, partake
The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt ſcents and airs:
Then commune, how that day they beſt may ply
Their growing work, for much their work outgrew
The hands diſpatch of two, gard'ning ſo wide,
And Eve firſt to her huſband thus began.
Adam, well may we labor ſtill to dreſs
This garden, ſtill to tend plant, herb and flow'r,
Our pleaſant taſk injoin'd; but 'till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows
Luxurious by reſtraint: what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now adviſe,
Or hear, what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent:
Let us divide our labors: thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The claſping ivy where to climb: while I,
In yonder ſpring of roſes, intermix'd

With myrtle, find what to redreſs till noon.
For while ſo near each other thus all day
Our taſk we chooſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene, and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on; which intermits
Our day's-work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of ſupper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild anſwer Adam thus return'd:
Sole Eve, aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear!
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might beſt fulfil the work, which here
God hath aſſign'd us; nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſehold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labor, as to debar us, when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles, for ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd and are of love the food;
Love, not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight

He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd,
Theſe paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk; till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us. But, if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But, other doubt poſſeſſes me; leaſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me: for thou know'ſt,
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault: and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh, and beſt advantage, us aſunder;
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealty from God; or to diſturb
Conjugal love; than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide,
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonor lurks,

Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt indures.
To whom the virgin majeſty of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.
Offspring of Heav'n and earth, and all earth's Lord!
That ſuch an enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting Angel over-heard,
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of ev'ning flow'rs.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe,
May tempt it, I expected not to hear,
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we, not capable of death, or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith, and love,
Can by his fraud be ſhaken or ſeduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breaſt,
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee ſo dear?
To whom with healing words Adam replyd:
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!

For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itſelf, intended by our foe.
For he, who tempts, though in vain, at leaſt
aſperſes
The tempted with diſhonor foul; ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Againſt temptation. Thou thyſelf with ſcorn
And anger would'ſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labor to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn:
Subtile he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels: nor think ſuperfluous other's aid.
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Acceſs in every virtue; in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need
were
Of outward ſtrength, while ſhame, thou loo-
king on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmoſt vigor raiſe, and rais'd unite,
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee
feel,
When I am preſent, and the tryal chuſe

With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?
So spake domestic Adam in his care,
And matrimonial love: but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not indued
Single with like defence, where ever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity; his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
Foul on himhelf; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favor from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect, our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single, or combin'd:
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd,
To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd,

O woman! beſt are all things, as the will
Of God ordain'd them: His creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created; much leſs man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure:
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r.
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reaſon, is free; and reaſon he made right:
But bid her well beware, and ſtill erect,
Leſt by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd,
She dictate falſe, and minſinform the will,
To do what God expreſly hath forbid.
Not then miſttruſt, but tender love injoins,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since reaſon not impoſſible may meet
Some ſpecious object, by the foe ſuborn'd;
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better; and moſt likely, if from me
Thou ſever not; trial will come unſought.
Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancy? approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted? who atteſt?

But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer, than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt ——
Go! for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence! rely
On, what thou haſt of virtue; ſummon all:
For God tow'rds thee hath done his part, dō thine,
So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.
With thy permiſſion then, and thus fore-warn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only; that our tryal, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go: nor much expect,
A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew; and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the the groves: but Delia's ſelf
In gait ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like deport;
Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd;

But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona thus adorn'd,
Likelieſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona, when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye perſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r;
And all' things in beſt order, to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failling, hapleſs Eve!
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe!
Such ambuſh, laid among ſweet flow'rs, and ſhades,
Waited with helliſh rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs! —
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere ſerpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind; but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.

In bow'r and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove, or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By fountain, or by ſhady rivulet.
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap migh find
Eve ſeparate; he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd: when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half-ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes bluſhing round
About her glow'd; half-ſtooping to ſupport
Each flow'r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd; them ſhe up-ſtays
Gently with myrtle band; mindleſs the while
Herſelf, though faireſt, unſupported flow'r,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh!
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtatelieſt covert, cedar, pine or palm;
Then voluble and bold; now hid, now ſeen,
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs,
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd,
Or of reviv'd Adonis: or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes' ſon;

Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more:
As one, who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thik and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages, and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance, with Nymphlike ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more;
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the ſerpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the ſweet receſs Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of geſture or leaſt action overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought.
That ſpace the Evil-one abſtracted ſtood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot hell, that always in him burns.

Though in mid Heavn, ſoon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.
Thoughts, wither have ye led me! with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtrying; other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
Occaſion which now ſmiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts!
Her huſband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
And ſtrength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terreſtrial mold,
Foe not informidable! exempt from wound;
I not: ſo much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heavn!
She fair, divinely fair! fit love for Gods;
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by ſtronger hate;
Hate, ſtronger under ſhew of love well feign'd;
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd

In

In ſerpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Addreſs'd his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince; but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze! His head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floated redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely! Never ſince of ſerpent-kind
Lovelier; not thoſe, that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus; or the God
In Epidaurus: nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen;
He, with Olympias; this with, her who bore
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way:
As when a ſhip, by ſkilfull ſteers-man wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye: ſhe buſied, heard the ſound
Of ruſſling leaves, but minded not, as us'd

To ſuch diſport before her trough the field,
From every beaſt; more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt; and ſleek enamel'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground, whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent-tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, ſov'reign Miſtreſs! if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Makes fair!
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty adore,
With raviſhment beheld! there beſt beheld,
Where univerſally admir'd: but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern,

Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee, and what is one! who ſhouldſt be ſeen
A Goddeſs among Gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By Angels numberleſs, thy daily train.
So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length,
Not unamaz'd, ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
What may this mean? Language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human ſenſe expreſs'd?
The firſt, at leaſt, of theſe I thought deny'd
To beaſts; whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate ſound:
The latter I demur; for in their look,
Much reaſon, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice indued.
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,
How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute; and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight?
Say! for ſuch wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd:
Empreſs of this fair world, reſplendent Eve!
Eaſy to me it is to tell thee all

What thou command'ſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be obey'd.
I was at firſt as other beaſts, that grace
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food! nor ought but food diſcern'd
Or ſex; and apprehended nothing high,
Till on an day roving the field, I chancd
A goodly tree far diſtant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colors mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a ſavoury oder blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Than ſmell of ſweeteſt fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unſuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.
To ſatisfy the ſharp deſire I had
Of taſting thoſe fair apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer: hunger and thirſt at once,
Pow'rful perſuaders! quicken'd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keen.
About the moſſy trunk I wound me ſoon;
For high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach, or Adam's: Round the tree
All other beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and eyying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluk and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not; for ſuch pleaſure till that hour

At feed, or fountain, never had I found,
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward pow'rs; and ſpeech
Wanted not long; though to this ſhape retain'd
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high, or deep,
I turn'd my thoughts; and with capacious mind
Conſider'd all things viſible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good!
But all that fair and good, in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld: no fair to thine
Equivalent, or ſecond! which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, univerſal dame!
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly ſnake: and Eve,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.
Serpent! thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee firſt prov'd.
But ſay, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God, that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us, in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of fruit untouch'd:

Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:
Empress! the way is ready, and not long.
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrth, and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and mate intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift: hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest: as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering aud blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wandererer from his way
To bogs and mires, and of thro' pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree.

Of prohibition, root of all our woe:
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess:
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects!
But of this tree we may not taste, nor touch,
God so commanded; and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.
To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd:
Indeed! Had God then said, that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Ye Lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the Garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with shew of zeal and love

To man and indignation at his wrong.
New part puts on; and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuates diſturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome Orator renow'd
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Floriſh'd, ſince mute! to ſome great cauſe addreſs'd,
Stood in himſelf collected; while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue;
Sometimes in height began as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right;
So ſtanding, moving, or to height up-grown,
The tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.
O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving plant,
Mother of ſcience! now I feel thy pow'r
Within me clear, not only diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe! do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death: ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatner? look on me,
Me! who have touch'd, and taſted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd, than fate,
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.

Shall that be ſhut to man, which to the beaſt
Is open? Or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty freepaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue. whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving, what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be juſt:
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep you low and ignorant,
His worſhippers: He knows that in the day
You ear thereof, your eyes, that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd: and ye ſhall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil, as they know.
That ye ſhall be as Gods, ſince I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet:
I of brute, human, ye of human, Gods,
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wiſh'd,
Tho' threaten'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are Gods, that man may not become

As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I queſtion it, for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them nothing; if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this tree,
That who ſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſdom, without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? Theſe, theſe, and many more
Cauſes import your need of this fair fruit:
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte!
He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone: and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth:
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd

An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavoury of that fruit; which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch, or taſte,
Solicited her longing eye: yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits!
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd,
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech, to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge; knowledge booth of good and evil:
Forbids us then to taſte: but his forbidding
Commends the more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had; or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions bind not. — But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, whe ſhall die. —
How dies the ſerpent? he hath eat'n and lives.

And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and
diſcerns;
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For beaſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt, which
firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with
joy
The good befall'n him, author unſuſpect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of god or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine!
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taſte,
Of virtue to make wiſe: What hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and
mind?

So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe
eat:
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her
ſeat
Sighing through all her works gave ſign of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the thicket ſlunk
The guilty ſerpent, and well might, for
Eve
Intent now wholly on her taſte nought elſe

Regarded; ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,
In fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true
Or fancy'd ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought.
Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating death. Satiate at length,
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon
Thus to herſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.
O ſov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradiſe! of operation bleſt
To ſapience! hitherto obſcurd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created: but henceforth my early care,
Not without ſong, each morning, and due praiſe,
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden eaſe
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all:
Till dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know:
Though others envy, what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance, thou open'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret: Heav'n is high,

High, and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thingh on earth; and other care, perhaps,
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. —— But, to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me? or rather not;
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r,
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In female ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſirable, ſometime
Superior: for inferior who is free?
This may be well. —— But, what if God hath ſeen,
And death enſue? Then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her injoying, I extinct;
A death to think! Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
I could indure; without him live no life.
So ſaying, from the tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd,
But firſt low reverence done, as to the Pow'r

That dwelt within, whose presence had in-
fus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her trual labors crown:
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his toughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn, when first they parted. By the
Tree
Of knowledge he must pass; there be her met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
Which with bland words at will she thus ad-
dress.
Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, de-
priv'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought,

The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderful to hear,
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger taſted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way; but of divine effect,
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch. The ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become
Not dead, as we are threaten'd; but thence-
forth
Indued with human voice, and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration: and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond: opener mine eyes,
Dim erſt; dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe:
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs:
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious
ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us; equal joy, as equal love:
Leſt, thou not taſting, different degree
Diſjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her ſtory
told;

But

But in her cheek diſtemper flufhing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood and blank; while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd:
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded Roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale! till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.

O faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflowr'd, and now to death devote?
Rather how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance! how, to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n! ſome curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die!
How can I live without thee! how forgo
Thy ſweet converſe and love, ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn!
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate

Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe!
So having ſaid, as one from ſa diſmay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts diſturb'd,
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, adventrous Eve!
And peril great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd,
Had it been only conveting to eye
That ſacred fruit, ſacred to abſtinence:
Much more to taſte it under ban to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or done undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate; yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo heinous now, foretaſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd e're our taſte:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gains to live as man
Higher degree of life: inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent; which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wiſe!
Thoug threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures; dignified ſo high,
Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,

Dependent made: so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose;
Not well conceiv'd of God: who tho' his
pow'r
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to abolish; lest the Adversary
Triumph and say: „Fickle their state whom
God
„Most favors! who can please him long? Me
first
„He ruin'd, now mankind: whom will he
next?"
Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the Foe.
However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life:
So forcible within my hearth I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee! for what thou art is mine:
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One flesh; tho lose thee were to lose myself.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd.
O glorious tryal of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high,
Ingaging me to emulate! but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me
sprung?
And gladly of our union hear thee speak.

One heart one ſoul in both! whereof good proof
This day affords; declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death or ought than death more dread,
Shall ſeparate us, link'd in love ſo dear!
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair fruit:
Whoſe virtue, for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion, hath preſented
This happy trial of thy love; which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought Death menanc'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee; rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly aſſur'd
Remarkably ſo late of thy ſo true,
So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwiſe th' event, not death, but life
Augmented; open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taſte ſo divine! that what of ſweet before
Hath touch'd my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taſte,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So ſaying, ſhe embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love

Had ſo innobled, as of choice t' incur
Divine diſpleaſure for her ſake, or death.
In recompenſe, for ſuch compliance bad
Such recompenſe beſt merits, from the bough
She gave him of that fair inticing fruit
With liberal hand: he ſcrupl'd not to eat,
Againſt his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan.
Sky lour'd, and mutt'ring thunder, ſome ſad
drops
Wept, at compleating of the mortal ſin
Original! while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd; the more to ſooth
Him, with her lov'd ſociety: that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They ſwim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to ſcorn the earth. But that falſe
fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd,
Carnal deſire inflaming: he on Eve
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes: ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part;

Since to each meaning savor we apply,
And palate call judicious: I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting: if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare:
For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!
So said he, and forbore not glance, or toy
Of amorous intent; well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd and to a shady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowr'd,
He led her nothing loath: flowr's were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's disport
Took largely: of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their ſpirits had play'd, and immoſt pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd! Innocence, that, as a veil
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone:
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs
And honor from about them, naked left
To guilty ſhame: he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the Danite ſtrong,
Herculean Sampſon, from the harlot-lap
Of Philiſtéan Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength. They, deſtitute, and bare
Of all their virtue: ſilent, and in face
Confounded, long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute:
Till Adam, though no leſs than Eve abaſh'd,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.

O Eve! in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught

To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising: since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil; Good lost, and Evil got.
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments, now soil'd and stain'd!
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. —— How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye Pines!
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen:
Some tree, whose broath smooth leaves toge-
ther sow'd,

And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood; there ſoon they choſe
The Figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But ſuch as at this day, to Indians known
In Malabar, or Decan, ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd ſhade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdſman ſhunning heat
Schelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
At loopholes cut thro' thickeſt ſhade: thoſe leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waiſt; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt, and dreaded ſhame! O, how unlike
To that firſt naked glory! ſuch of late
Columbus found th' American, ſo girt
With feather'd cincture; naked elſe, and wild
Among the trees, on iſles and woody ſhores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their ſhame in part
Conver'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind.
They ſat them down to weep! nor only tears

Rain'd at their eyes; but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind; calm region once
And full of peace; now tost and turbulent!
For understanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore; but in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast
Adam estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee! We had then
Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.
To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve:
What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!

Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wandring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by;
Or to thyſelf perhaps: hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou could'ſt not have have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou, the Head,
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger, as thou ſaid'ſt?
Too facil thou then, didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm, and fix'd in thy diſ-ſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then firſt incens'd Adam reply'd:
Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! expreſs'd
Immutable, when thou wert loſt, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliſs:
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee.
And am I now upbraided, as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? -Not enough ſevere,

It ſeems, in my reſtraint! What could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee; foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait: beyond this had been force;
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on; ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps
I alſo err'd, in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee: but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime;
And thou th' accuſer! Thus it ſhall befall
Him, who to worth in woman overtruſting,
Lets her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook;
And left to herſelt, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe. ——

Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours; but neither ſelf-condemning:
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

The End of the Ninth Book.

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